

PSALMS AND HYMNS

FOR THE USE OF THE

CHAPEL OF THE ASYLUM.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

P S A L M S

A N D

H Y M N S,

FOR THE USE OF THE

CHAPEL OF THE ASYLUM

F O R

F E M A L E O R P H A N S.

A NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION.

*The Lord shall comfort Zion; Joy and Gladness shall be
found therein, Thanksgiving and the Voice of Melody.*

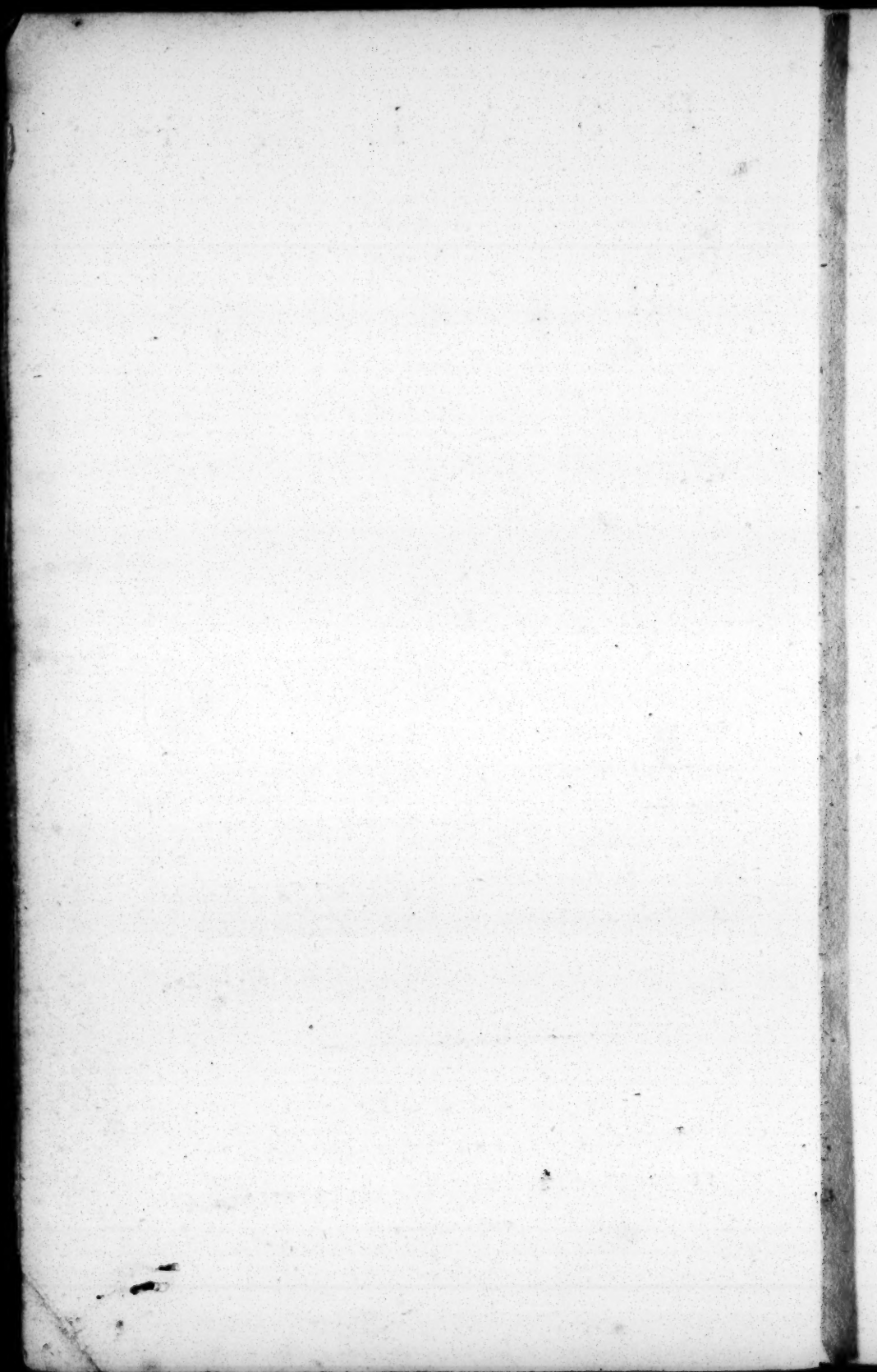
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PSALMS AND HYMNS, &c.

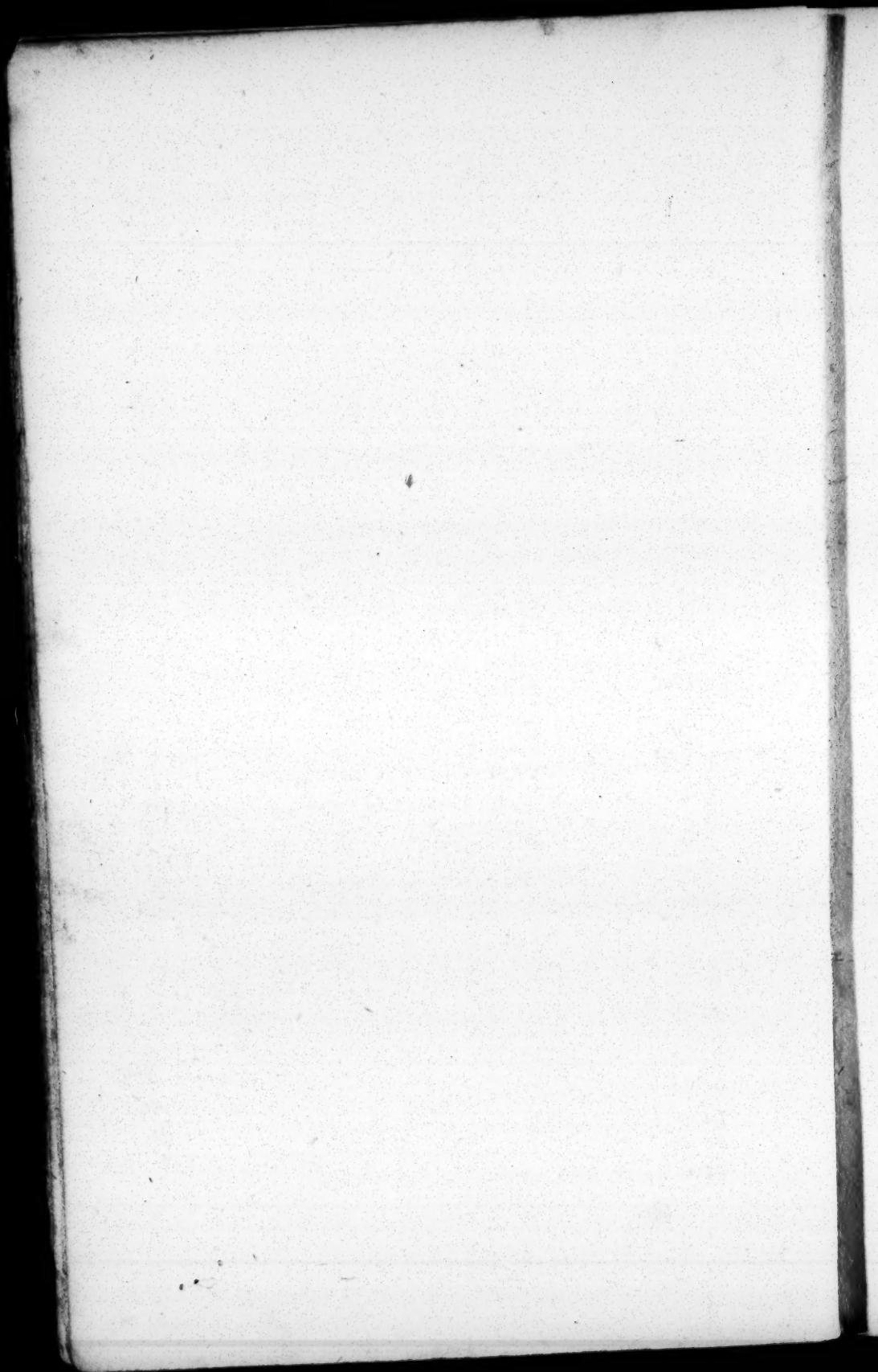
—— THEIR GOLDEN HARPS THEY TOOK,
(HARPS EVER TUN'D) AND WITH PREAMBLE SWEET
OF CHARMING SYMPHONY, THEY INTRODUCE
THEIR SACRED SONG.——

—— NO VOICE BUT WELL COULD JOIN
MELODIOUS PART: SUCH CONCORD IS IN HEAVEN.
THEE, FATHER, FIRST THEY SANG OMNIPOTENT,
IMMUTABLE, IMMORTAL, INFINITE,
ETERNAL KING: THE AUTHOR OF ALL BEING:
FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT, THYSELF INVISIBLE!

—— THEE NEXT THEY SANG *** BEGOTTEN SON!
HAIL, SON OF GOD! SAVIOUR OF MEN! THY NAME
SHALL BE THE COPIOUS MATTER OF MY SONG
HENCEFORTH: AND NEVER SHALL MY HARP THY
PRAISE

FORGET; NOR FROM THE FATHER'S PRAISE DIS-
JOIN!

Paradise Lost, Book III.



FROM
BISHOP ATTERBURY'S DISCOURSE
ON
CHURCH MUSIC.

THE availableness of harmony to promote a pious disposition of mind, will appear, from the great influence it naturally has on the *passions*: which are of particular use in the offices of DEVOTION. But its power is chiefly seen in advancing that most heavenly passion of LOVE; which reigns always in pious breasts, and is the surest mark of true devotion. At *this* our religion begins, and at this it ends. It is the sweetest companion and improvement of it here upon earth, and the very earnest and foretaste of HEAVEN—of the pleasures of which, nothing is more clearly revealed to us, than that they consist in the practice of HOLY MUSICK and HOLY LOVE; the joint enjoyment of which (we are told) is to be the happy lot of all *pious souls*, to endless ages. And therefore it is observable, that *that* apostle, in whose breast this divine quality seems most to have abounded, has also spoken most of the HARMONY OF HEAVEN. For such I account the descriptions he has given us of the *devotions* of ANGELS and BLESSED SPIRITS, performed by HARPS and HYMNS, in several parts of the Revelations.

Would we then have love at these assemblies? would we have our spirits softened and enlarged, and made fit for the reception of the divine spirit? Let us call in to our aid the assistance of DIVINE HARMONY, to work us up to this heavenly temper. All selfishness and narrowness of mind, all rancour and peevishness, vanish from the heart, where the love of *divine harmony* dwells; as the evil spirit of Saul retired before the *harp of David*.

A SENTENCE

Sung by the ORPHANS, when the Minister enters the Chapel.

Arise, O Lord, into thy resting place ; thou and the ark of thy strength.

Let thy priests be clothed with righteousness ; and let thy saints sing with joyfulness. Amen.

Pfalm cxxxii. 8, 9.

SENTENCES FROM SCRIPTURE.

To be Sung by the ORPHANS, before the first Lesson Morning and Evening.

SENTENCE I.

The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him.

Habbakuk ii. 20.

SENTENCE II.

Give ear, O my people, to my law : incline your ears to the word of my mouth. Amen.

Pfalm lxxviii. 1.

SENTENCE III.

Be still, and know that I am God : I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth. Amen.

Pfalm xlii, 10.

SENTENCE IV.

For the Morning.

My voice shall thou hear in the morning, O Lord;
in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee,
and will look up.

Pfalm v. 3.

SENTENCE V.

For the Evening.

Let my prayer be set forth before thee as incense;
and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.

Pfalm cxli. 2.

SENTENCE VI.

For Christmas Day.

Behold a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and
shall call his name IMMANUEL.

Isaiah vii. 14.

Unto us a child is born; unto us a son is given;
and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and
his name shall be called WONDERFUL—COUNSEL-
LOR—THE MIGHTY GOD—THE EVERLASTING FA-
THER—THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

Isaiah ix. 6.

SENTENCE VII.

For Good Friday.

Help us, O God of our Salvation, for the glory of
thy name: O deliver us, and be merciful unto our
sins, for thy name's sake. Amen.

Pfalm lxxix. 9.

SENTENCE VIII.

For Easter Day.

The Lord is great in Sion; and high above all people.

They shall give thanks unto thy name; which is great, wonderful, and holy. Amen.

Pfalm xcix. 2, 3.

SENTENCE IX.

For Whitsunday.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised in the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness.—
Amen.

Pfalm xlviii. 1.

SENTENCE X.

For the Anniversary.

Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.

The Lord will preserve him, and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth.

Pfalm xli. 1, 2.

The above Sentences were all set to music by Mr.

BARTHELEMON.

P S A L M

A N D

H Y M N S, &c.

P S A L M I. v. 1, 2, 3, 6.

HOW blest is he, who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk;
Nor stands in sinners ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk.

But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight,
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

Like some fair tree, which fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

For God approves the just man's way;
To happiness they tend:
But sinners and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

P S A L M II. v. 7, 8, 9, 10.

Christmas-Day.

AT TEND, O earth, whilst I declare
God's uncontroul'd decree:
Thou art my son this day, my heir
Have I begotten thee.

.d receive thy full demands;
 Thine shall the heathen be :
 The utmost limits of the lands
 Shall be possess'd by thee.
 Thy threat'ning sceptre thou shalt shake,
 And crush them every where :
 As massy bars of iron break
 The potter's brittle ware.
 Learn then, ye Princes, and give ear,
 Ye judges of the earth !
 Worship the Lord with holy fear,
 Rejoice with awful mirth.

P S A L M X. v. 12, 13, 14, 15.

O LORD, our God, do thou arise,
 Stretch forth thy mighty arm;
 And by the greatness of thy power,
 Preserve the poor from harm.

No longer let the wicked vaunt
 And proudly boasting say,
 " Tush, God regards not what we do,
 " He never will repay."

But sure thou seest, and all their deeds
 Impartially dost try;
 The orphans, therefore, and the poor,
 On thee for aid rely.

Thou in thy righteous judgment, weigh'st
 The fatherless and poor;
 That so the tyrants of the earth
 May persecute no more.

P S A L M XV. v. 1, 2, 4, 6.

L ORD! who's the happy man that may
 To thy blest courts repair,
 Not stranger-like, to visit them,
 But to inhabit there.

'Tis

'Tis he, whose ev'ry thought and deed
By rules of virtue moves ;
Whose gen'rous tongue disdains to speak
The thing his heart disproves.

Who vice, in all its pomp and power,
Can treat with just neglect ;
And piety, tho' cloth'd in rags,
Religiously respect.

The man, who by this steady course,
Has happiness insur'd,
When earth's foundation shakes, shall stand
By Providence secur'd.

P S A L M XVI. v. 8, 9, 10, 11.

Easter Day.

I STRIVE each action to approve
To his all-seeing eye ;
No danger shall my hopes remove,
Because he still is nigh.

Therefore my heart all grief defies,
My glory does rejoice ;
My flesh shall rest in hopes to rise,
Wak'd by his pow'rful voice.

Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,
My soul from Hell shalt free ;
Nor let thy holy one in death,
The least corruption see.

Thou shalt the paths of life display,
Which to thy presence lead,
Where pleasures dwell without allay,
And joys that never fade.

P S A L M XVIII. v. 16, 17, 18, 19.

THE Lord did on my side engage,
From Heav'n, his throne, my cause upheld ;
And snatch'd me from the furious rage
Of threat'ning waves, which proudly swell'd.

God

God his resistless pow'r employ'd,
 My strongest foes attempts to break ;
 Who else with ease had soon destroy'd
 The weak defence that I could make.

Their subtle rage had soon prevail'd,
 When I distressed and friendless lay ;
 But when all other succours fail'd,
 God was my firm support and stay.

From dangers that enclos'd me round,
 He brought me forth, and set me free ;
 For some just cause his goodness found,
 That mov'd him to delight in me.

P S A L M XXII. v. 14, 15, 16, 17.

For Good Friday.

MY blood like water spill'd, my joints
 Are rack'd and out of frame ;
 My heart dissolves within my breast,
 Like wax before the flame.

My strength, like potter's earth, is parch'd,
 My tongue cleaves to my jaws ;
 And to the silent shades of death
 My fainting soul withdraws.

Like blood-hounds, to surround me, they
 In pack'd assemblies meet :
 They pierc'd my inoffensive hands ;
 They pierc'd my harmless feet.

My body's rack'd, till all my bones
 Distinctly may be told :
 Yet such a spectacle of woe,
 As pastime they behold.

P S A L M XXII. v. 23, 24, 29, 30.

YE worshippers of Jacob's God,
 All ye of Israel's line,
 O praise the Lord, and to your praise
 Sincere obedience join.

He

He ne'er disdain'd on low distress
 To cast a gracious eye;
 Nor turn'd from poverty his face,
 But heard its humble cry.
 The rich, who are with plenty fed,
 His bounty must confess;
 The sons of want, by him reliev'd,
 Their gen'rous patron bless.
 With humble worship to his throne,
 They all for aid resort;
 That pow'r, which first their beings gave,
 Can only them support.

P S A L M XXIII. v. 1, 2, 3, 4.

THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
 Vouchsafes to be my guide,
 The Shepherd, by whose constant care,
 My wants are all supply'd.

In tender grass he makes me feed,
 And gently there repose;
 Then leads me to cool shades, and where
 Refreshing water flows.

He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,
 And, to his endless praise,
 Instructs with humble zeal, to walk
 In his most righteous ways.

I pass the gloomy vale of death,
 From fear and danger free;
 For there his aiding rod and staff,
 Defend and comfort me.

P S A L M XXIII. By Mr. Addison.

A Pastoral.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye:
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.

When

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads,
 My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and flow,
 Amid the verdant landskip flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread;
 My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
 The barren wilderness shall smile;
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around,

PSALM XXIV. v. 7, 8, 9, 10.

Ascension-Day.

ERECT your heads, eternal gates!
 Unfold to entertain
 The King of glory: see! he comes
 With his celestial train.

Who is the King of glory? Who?
 The Lord for strength renown'd:
 In battle mighty; o'er his foes
 Eternal victor crown'd.

Erect your heads, ye gates, unfold
 In state to entertain
 The King of glory: see! he comes
 With all his shining train.

Who is the King of glory? Who?
 The Lord of hosts renown'd:
 Of glory he alone is King,
 Who is with glory crown'd,

PSALM

P S A L M XXXIV. v. 1, 2, 3, 15.

THRO' all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.
 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
 Till all that are distressed,
 From my example comfort take,
 And charm their griefs to rest.
 O magnify the Lord with me,
 With me exalt his name;
 When in distress to him I call'd,
 He to my rescue came.
 The Lord from Heav'n beholds the just
 With favourable eyes;
 And when distressed, his gracious ear
 Is open to their cries.

S A C R A M E N T A P S A L M.

P S A L M XXXVI. v. 5, &c.

THY mercy, Lord, my only hope,
 The highest orb of Heav'n transcends,
 Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope,
 Beyond the spreading sky extends.
 Thy justice like the hills remains;
 Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are:
 Thy providence the world sustains;
 The whole creation is thy care.
 Since of thy goodness all partake,
 With what assurance should the just
 Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,
 And saints to thy protection trust?
 Such guests should to thy courts be led,
 To banquet on thy love's repast;
 And drink, as from a fountain's head,
 Of joys that shall for ever last.

With

With thee the springs of life remain;
 Thy presence is eternal day:
 O! let us then, thy favour gain;
 And to each heart thy truth display!

P S A L M XLI. v. 1, 2, 3, 13.

HAPPY the man, whose tender care
 Relieves the poor distressed;
 When troubles compass him around,
 The Lord shall give him rest.

The Lord his life with blessings crown'd,
 In safety shall prolong;
 And disappoint the will of those
 That seek to do him wrong.

If he in languishing estate,
 Oppress'd with sickness lie,
 The Lord will easy make his bed,
 And inward strength supply.

Let therefore Israel's Lord and God,
 From age to age be blest'd;
 And all the people's glad applause
 With loud Amens express'd.

PSALM LXVIII. v. 3, 18, 19.

Whitsunday.

LORD! let the servants of thy will
 Thy favours gentle beams enjoy:
 Their upright hearts let gladness fill,
 And chearful songs their tongues employ.

Ascending high in triumph, thou
 Captivity hast captive led;
 And on thy people didst bestow
 The spoil of armies once their dread.

E'en rebels shall partake the grace,
 And humble proselytes repair
 To worship at thy dwelling-place,
 And all the world pay homage there.

For

For benefits each day bestow'd,
 Be daily thy great name ador'd,
 Who art our Saviour and our God,
 Of life and death the sov'reign Lord.

PSALM LXXXIV. v. 1, 2, 10, 12.

O GOD of hosts! the mighty Lord,
 How lovely is thy place,
 Where thou, enthron'd in glory, shew'st
 The brightness of thy face!

My longing soul faints with desire
 To view thy blest abode:
 My panting heart and flesh cry out
 For thee, the living God!

For in thy courts one single day
 'Tis better to attend,
 Than, Lord, in any place besides
 A thousand days to spend.

Thou, God, whom heav'nly hosts obey,
 How highly blest is he,
 Whose hope and trust securely plac'd,
 Is still repos'd on thee!

JEHOVAH THE ONE TRUE GOD.

PSALM LXXXVI. v. 8, 9, 10, 11.

For Trinity-Sunday.

AMONG the Gods there's none like **THEE**,
 O Lord, alone, divine!
 Of all those *fabled* beings, *none*
 Can boast such pow'rs as *thine*.

Therefore, their GREAT CREATOR, **THEE**
 The nations shall adore;
 Their long misguided pray'rs and praise
 To thy blest name restore.

All shall confess **THEE great**, and great
 The *wonders* thou hast done;
 Confess *thee* **GOD**, the **GOD SUPREME**,
 Confess **THEE GOD ALONE**.

Lord

Lord, I would walk with holy feet ;
 Teach me thine heav'nly ways,
 And my poor scatter'd thoughts unite
 In God my father's praise.

PSALM XC. v. 3, 5, 6, 12.

THOU turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
 Of which he first was made :
 And when thou speak'st the word, Return,
 'Tis instantly obey'd.

Thou sweep'st us off, as with a flood,
 We vanish hence like dreams ;
 At first we grow, like grass, that feels
 The sun's reviving beams :

But howsoever fresh and fair
 Its morning beauty shows,
 'Tis all cut down and wither'd quite
 Before the ev'ning close.

So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain sum
 Of our short days to mind,
 That to true wisdom all our hearts
 May ever be inclin'd.

PSALM C. v. 1, 2, 3, 4.

WITH one consent let all the earth
 To God their chearful voices raise ;
 Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
 And sing before him songs of praise.

Convinc'd that he is God alone,
 From whom both we and all proceed ;
 We, whom he chuses for his own,
 The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

O enter then his Temple-gates,
 Thence to his courts devoutly press ;
 And still your grateful hymns repeat,
 And still his name with praises bless.

For

For he's the Lord, supremely good,
 His mercy is for ever sure;
 His truth, which always firmly stood,
 To endless ages shall endure.

P S A L M CIV.

The Stanzas printed in Italics only are sung.

BLESS God, O my soul,
 Rejoice in his name,
 O Lord, let my voice
 Thy greatness proclaim;
Surpassing in honour,
 Dominion and might,
Thy throne is the heaven,
 Thy robe is the light.

The sky we behold
 A curtain display'd,
The chambers of heav'n
 On waters are laid;
Thy clouds are a chariot
 Thy glory to bear,
On winds thou art wasted,
 Thou ridest on air.

As rapid as fire,
 Thy angels on high,
Convey thy commands,
 Thy ministers fly:
The earth on its basis
 Eternal sustain'd,
Is fix'd in the station
 Thy wisdom ordain'd.

The world, when at first
 From chaos compos'd,
 Was void, without form,
 In waters enclos'd.

The

The voice of thy chiding,
 Thy thunder, was heard ;
 The waters subſided,
 The mountains appear'd.

Thy providence fix'd
 The ſtream and its ſource,
 The ſea knows its bounds,
 The rivers their courſe ;
 Convey'd thro' dark conduits,
 Springs riſe on the hills,
 They burſt in the fountains,
 They fall in the rills.

The beaſts of the wild
 Their foreſt forſake,
 The herd quits the field
 To drink of the lake ;
 On trees crown'd with verdure,
 Its margin along,
 Birds warbling ſweet muſic,
 Praise God in their ſong.

Deſcending on hills,
 Clouds plenteouſneſs pour,
 All nature revives,
 Earth ſmiles in the ſhow'r ;
 A garment of verdure
 Apparels the plain,
 Fruits ſwell in the garden,
 Fields wave with their grain.

With moiſture reſreſh'd,
 The vine yields its fruit,
 'Tis balm to our hearts,
 To health a recruit ;
 With tranſport we gather
 The richneſs of oil,
 'Tis ſtrength to our body,
 Support to our toil.

The trees full of sap
 With joy rear their head,
 The cedars their boughs
 O'er Libanus spread.
 Secure in their covert
 The bird flees for rest,
 She sings on the branches,
 She broods on the nest.

The pine yields a home
 The stork to secure,
 The goat on his crag
 Defies his pursuer.
 E'en creatures too feeble
 Themselves to defend,
 On caves and concealment
 For safety depend.

The moon by thy law
 Encreases and wanes,
 The sun keeps the course
 Thy wisdom ordains;
 He sets: and the lion
 Roams wide for his prey,
 But flies to his cavern
 When morn brings the day.

Then man with the sun
 His labour renews,
 Till ev'ning arrives,
 That labour pursues.
 Such, Lord, is the wisdom,
 Thy works all proclaim,
 Let earth, crown'd with riches,
 Rejoice in thy name.

Nor here only Lord
 Thy might we adore,
 The sea feels thy hand,
 Th'abyss owns thy pow'r.

There

There tribes without number,
 Thy creatures, resort,
 Leviathan gambols,
 And whales takes their sport.

There ships spread their sails,
 The surface to sweep,
 There fish nimbly glide,
 Conceal'd in the deep;
 They all know their season,
 As seasons arise,
 And tribes, which thy bounty
 Has made, it supplies.

Thy will and thy word
 Endues them with breath,
 Consum'd by thy blast,
 They sink into death;
 Restor'd at thy pleasure,
 New beings repair
 To people the waters,
 The earth and the air.

*Rejoice then, O Lord,
 In glory secure,
 The works thou hast made,
 Thro' ages endure.
 Yet aw'd by thy presence,
 When thou drawest near,
 Smoke bursts from the mountains,
 Earth trembles with fear.*

*Thus Lord let me sing,
 Thy glory to raise,
 Delightful the strain
 When tun'd to thy praise;
 The vile have their suff'rings,
 The just their reward;
 Bless God, O! my spirit,
 O praise ye the Lord.*

P S A L M CXII. v. 4, 5, 6, 9.

THE soul that's fill'd with virtue's light,
Shine's brightest in affliction's night;
To pity the distress'd inclin'd,
As well as just to all mankind.

His lib'ral favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends;
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs.

Beset with threatn'ing dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground;
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
His glory's future harvest sow'd;
Whence he shall reap wealth, fame, renown,
A temp'ral and eternal crown.

PART OF P S A L M CXIII.

YE saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record,
His sacred name for ever blest;
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams, or setting rays,
Due praise to his great name address.

God thro' the world extends his sway,
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of his glory are:
To him whose Majesty excels,
Who made the Heav'n wherein he dwells,
Let no created power compare.

Tho' tis beneath his state to view
In highest Heav'n what angels do,
Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care:
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

B

When

" When death decides the parents doom,
 " And sends them to the silent tomb,
 " He hears the helpless orphans claim :
 " His hand the fatherless receives,
 " And all their woes and wants relieves ;
 " O then extol his glorious name !

PSALM CXIX. v. 9, 10, 11, 12.

HOW shall the young preserve their ways
 From all pollution free ?
 By making still their course of life
 With thy commands agree.
 With hearty zeal for thee I seek,
 To thee for succour pray ;
 O suffer not my careless steps
 From thy right paths to stray.
 Safe in my heart, and closely hid,
 Thy word, my treasure lies ;
 To succour me with timely aid,
 When sinful thoughts arise.
 Secur'd by that, my grateful soul
 Shall ever bless thy name ;
 O teach me then by thy just laws
 My future life to frame.

PSALM CXXX. v. 1, 5, 7, 8.

Good-Friday.

FROM lowest depths of woe,
 To God I send my cry ;
 Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
 And graciously reply.
 My soul with patience waits
 For thee, the living Lord ;
 My hopes are on thy promise built,
 Thy never-failing word.

Let

Let Iſr'el truſt in God ;
No bounds his mercy knows ;
The plenteous ſource and ſpring from whence
Eternal ſuccour flows :

Whoſe friendly ſtreams to us
Supplies in want convey ;
An healing ſpring, a ſpring to cleanſe
And waſh our guilt away.

PSALM CXXXVI. 1, 4, 6, 7, 25.

TO God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat,
To him due praiſe afford,
As good as he is great.

Praiſe ye the Lord, HALLELUJAH !

By his Almighty hand
Amazing works are wrought ;
The Heav'ns by his command,
Were to perfection brought.
Praiſe ye, &c.

He ſpread the ocean round
About the ſpacious land ;
And made the riſing ground
Above the waters ſtand.
Praiſe ye, &c.

He does the food ſupply,
On which all creatures live :
To God, who reigns on high,
Eternal praiſes give.
Praiſe ye, &c.

P S A L M CXLVI. v. 6, 7, 8, 9.

THE Lord who made both heav'n and earth,
 And all that they contain,
 Will never quit his stedfast truth,
 Nor make his promise vain.

The poor oppress'd, from all their wrongs
 Are eas'd by his decree ;
 He gives the hungry needful food,
 And sets the pris'ners free.

By him the blind receive their sight,
 The weak and fall'n he rears ;
 With kind regard and tender love
 He for the righteous cares.

The stranger he preserves from harm,
 The orphan kindly treats,
 Defends the widow, and the wiles
 Of wicked men defeats.

P S A L M CXLVIII.

YE boundless realms of joy,
 Exalt your Maker's fame ;
 His praise your song employ
 Above the starry frame ;
 Your voices raise,
 Ye Cherubim,
 And Seraphim,
 To sing his praise.

Thou Moon, that rul'st the night,
 And Sun, that guid'st the day,
 Ye glitt'ring Stars of light,
 To him your homage pay :
 His praise declare
 Ye Heav'ns above,
 And clouds that move
 In liquid air.

United zeal be shown,
 His wond'rous fame to raise,
 Whose glorious name alone
 Deserves our endless praise.
 Earth's utmost ends
 His pow'r obey;
 His glorious sway
 The sky transcends.

His chosen saints to grace,
 He sets them up on high,
 And favours Isr'el's race,
 Who still to him are nigh.
 O therefore raise
 Your grateful voice,
 And still rejoice
 The Lord to praise.

PSALM CL. v. 1. last.

And GLORIA PATRI.

O PRAISE the Lord in that blest place
 From whence his goodness largely flows;
 Praise him in Heav'n, where he his face
 Unveil'd in perfect glory shows.

Praise him for all the mighty acts
 Which he on our behalf has done;
 His kindness this return exacts,
 With which our praise should equal run.

Let all that vital breath enjoy,
 The breath he does to them afford,
 In just returns of praise employ;
 Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,
 Praise him all creatures here below,
 Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

H Y M N I.

The Musick by DR. ARNOLD.

FATHER of mercy, hear our pray'rs
For those who do us good ;
Whose love for us a place prepares,
And kindly gives us food.

Each hand and heart that lends us aid
Thou dost inspire and guide ;
Nor is their bounty unrepaid,
Who for the poor provide.

Thou still shall be our grateful theme,
Thy praise we'll ever sing ;
Our friends the kind refreshing stream,
But thou th' unfailing spring.

For those whose goodness founded this,
A better house prepare,
Receive them to thy heav'nly bliss,
And may we meet them there !

May all the pleasing pains they share
Be crown'd with wish'd success ;
The present age applaud their care,
And future ages bless !

So shall the helpless who remain
Expos'd as we before,
Increasing still our humble train,
With louder songs adore.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

HYMN

H Y M N II.

The Musick by Mr. LONG.

O THOU, from whom all good descends,
 To thee our praise we pay,
 On whom the heav'nly host attends,
 Whom heav'n and earth obey.

A sparrow falls not to the ground
 Without thy providence ;
 Thy mercy there thy servants found,
 Thy mercy rais'd us thence.

May those who in our cause engage,
 By thee be amply paid ;
 The weaker both our sex and age,
 The nobler is their aid.

Avoiding rocks on either side,
 An equal course they steer ;
 Indecent want, and gaudy pride
 Alike are strangers here.

May we with humble diligence
 Improve our patrons cost !
 So shall their trouble and expence
 Be not entirely lost.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

H Y M N III.

The Musick by Mr. LONG.

TO thee, great God ! our thanks we owe,
 Thy goodness we adore ;
 Who bids the feeling heart to glow
 With pity for the poor :
 Who let'st the infant orphan share
 The good man's riches, love and care.

Obscur'd by mean and humble birth,
 In ignorance we lay ;
 'Till Christian bounty call'd us forth,
 And led us into day :
 Taught us the word of God t'explore,
 To ask his love and dread his pow'r.

Oh! look for ever kindly down
 On those that help the poor :
 Oh! let success their labours crown,
 And plenty heap their store.
 And may that mite by us possess'd,
 Diffuse a blessing o'er the rest.

And when before thy judgment-seat
 With trembling hope we go,
 Reward or punishment to meet
 For what we do below ;
 Our shouting voices shall declare
 Their tender love to us while here.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

H Y M N IV.

The Musick by Mr. KILEY.

TO thee, O Lord, our God and King,
 Whose mercies ne'er decay,
 We thus in artless numbers sing,
 And thus our praise we pay.

Whate'er is human ebbs and flows,
 As wasting time prevails ;
 But grace divine no changes knows,
 Charity never fails.

From thence flow plenteous streams and clear,
 And may they never cease!
 'Tis you who plant and water here,
 'Tis God that gives th' increase.

May

May he your pious alms regard,
 Your warmth of zeal approve,
 With ample blessings still reward
 The labour of your love.

Rescu'd from want, from vice, and shame,
 We'll all our future days
 Our great Creator's love proclaim,
 And live but to his praise.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

H Y M N V.

The Musick by Mr. VALTON.

O GRACIOUS LORD! celestial king!
 Whose goodness raptur'd seraphs sing,
 In never-ceasing lays;
 From Heav'n look down, in mercy hear
 Our feeble infant-voices bear
 The echo of thy praise.

We know that grateful love alone,
 From earth can reach thy glory's throne :
 This tribute you receive
 For all the blessings shower'd down,
 For all the joys that virtue crown,
 Or piety can give.

When helpless, plung'd in life's rude wave,
 Thy providential arm could save,
 And bring to safety's shore;
 Where meek-ey'd charity appears,
 And wipe's away our orphan tears,
 Where storms affright no more.

O gracious Lord, celestial king!
 Whose goodness raptur'd seraphs sing,
 In never-ceasing lays;
 From Heav'n look down, in mercy hear
 Our feeble infant voices bear
 The echo of thy praise.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

H Y M N VI.

[From a new Translation of Psalm viii.]

The Musick by Dr. ARNOLD.

O GOD, how worlds on worlds proclaim
 How the high Heav'ns resound thy name,
 Beyond all glory bright !
 E'en lisping babes thy being bless,
 Their smiles thy providence confess,
 And vindicate thy might.
 The sun, exhaustless fount of day,
 The moon, the stars, when I survey,
 In ceaseless order move ;
 Thy works, thy wonders, when I see,
 Great God ! what's man ? what's man, that he
 Should thus engage thy love ?

Da Capo.

H Y M N VII.

The Musick by Mr. BARTHELEMON.

GREAT Lord of all ! whose works of love
 Creation's boundless realms display,
 Help us to join the choirs above,
 And hail thy providential sway !
 Stern death pronounc'd the dread decree,
 Entail'd on all of woman born,
 From sorrow set our parents free,
 But left us helpless and forlorn :
 No friendly hand to shield our youth
 From future penury and woe,
 To guide us in the paths of truth,
 And teach us all we ought to know.
 Dark was the colour of our fate,
 Till thy benignant mercy shone,
 Redeem'd us from our wretched state,
 And made the fatherless thine own.

Our

Our hopes revive, our fears are fled,
 Our joyless days and nights are o'er;
 Our mortal frames are cloath'd and fed,
 Our minds inform'd with virtue's lore.

Blest guardian, whose paternal care,
 With bount'ous hand our want supplies!
 O, may our ceaseless praise and pray'r
 To thy bright throne as incense rise!

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

H Y M N VIII.

The Musick by Mr. BARTHELEMON.

CHILL'D by the blasts of adverse fate,
 Oppress'd by sorrows gloom,
 The soothing voice of parent love
 All hush'd within the tomb.

Without us, want his vigils kept;
 Within us, silent woe:
 Our infant minds in fearful thought
 Made ev'ry shade a foe.

God's pitying eye our trouble saw,
 And instantly relief
 Broke through the wintry clouds of woe,
 And scatter'd ev'ry grief.

Beneath his heav'nly wings we find
 A calm and safe retreat:
 O, then let ev'ry orphan breast
 With grateful transport beat!

SOLO.

We thank thee!
 We bless thee!
 We praise thee, O Lord!
 For evermore.

CHORUS.

HALLELUJAH,
 HALLELUJAH,
 HALLELUJAH,
 AMEN.

HYMN IX.

The Musick by Mr. AYLWARD.

GLORY to God! whose all-pervading eye
 Pierc'd the thick gloom of mis'ry's dreary shade,
 Whose gracious ears were open to our cry,
 Who heard with pity all the plaints we made.

Now Heav'n-born charity our wants supplies;
 For us she deign'd this hallow'd dome to rear:
 Hither the poor, the helpless orphan flies,
 And joyful finds a safe asylum here.

On all our friends, O Lord! thy blessings show'r,
 For them and for their children hear our pray'r,
 Save them from want, and shield them in that hour
 When pleasure's false allurements spread their snare.

While we to God our feeble voices raise,
 Let all the earth in one loud chorus join;
 And thou, blest spirit! as we sing his praise,
 Inspire the notes with harmony divine.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

HYMN X. By Mr. MERRICK.

Set to Musick by Mrs. MARIA BARTHELEMON.

LORD of our life! whose tender care
 First gave us power to move:
 How shall our thankful hearts declare
 The wonders of thy love?

Whilst void of thought and sense we lay
 Dust of our parent earth,
 Thy breath inform'd the sleeping clay,
 And call'd us to the birth.

Where'er

Where'er we turn our wakeful thought,
 Unnumber'd foes we see:
 Guide of our youth, forsake us not,
 But lead us safe to thee.

For fix'd on thee we lose each fear,
 Each vain assault we brave;
 We know thee, Lord, not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.

So oft shall our repeated lays
 Our thankful hearts declare,
 And joy to celebrate thy praise,
 Whose mercy deigns to spare.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

H Y M N XI.

By Dr. WATTS.

MY God, how endless is thy love!
 Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new,
 And morning mercies from above,
 Gently distil like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
 Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
 Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
 And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.

I yield my pow'rs to thy command,
 To thee I consecrate my days:
 Perpetual blessings from thine hand,
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

HYMN

H Y M N XII. *Christmas-Day.*

The Musick by Miss SAVAGE.

St. Luke, ch. ii. v. 8—15.

WHILST shepherds watch'd their flocks by night
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

“ Fear not,” said he, (for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled minds,)
“ Glad tidings of great joy I bring
“ To you and all mankind.

“ To you in David's town this day
“ Is born of David's line,
“ The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord:
“ And this shall be the sign:

“ The Heav'nly babe you there shall find,
“ To human view display'd,
“ All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
“ And in a manger laid.”

Thus spoke the seraph;—and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Address'd their joyful song:

“ All glory be to God on high,
“ And to the earth be peace;
“ Good-will henceforth from Heav'n to men
“ Begin, and never cease.”

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

HYMN

H Y M N XIII.

For Easter Day.

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day—HALLELUJAH!
 Our triumphant holy-day;
 Who did once upon the cross
 Suffer, to redeem our loss.

Hymns of praise then let us sing
 Unto Christ, our heav'nly King:
 Who endur'd the cross and grave
 Sinners to redeem and save.

But the pains which he endur'd
 Our salvation have procur'd.
 Now above the skies he's King,
 Where the angels ever sing.—HALLELUJAH.

H Y M N XIV.

On the Excellency of the BIBLE.

GREAT God, with wonder and with praise
 On all thy works I look;
 But still thy wisdom, power and grace,
 Shine brighter in thy book.

The stars that in their courses roll,
 Have much instruction giv'n;
 But thy good word informs my soul
 How I may soar to Heav'n.

The fields provide me food, and shew
 The goodness of the Lord;
 But fruits of life and glory grow
 In thy most holy word.

Here are my choicest treasures hid,
 Here my best comfort lies,
 Here my desires are satisfied,
 And hence my hopes arise.

Lord!

Lord! make me understand thy law,
 Shew what my faults have been;
 And from thy gospel let me draw
 Pardon for all my sin.

Here would I learn how Christ has died
 To save my soul from hell:
 Not all the books on earth beside
 Such heav'nly wonders tell.

Then let me love my bible more,
 And take a fresh delight
 By day to read these wonders o'er,
 And meditate by night.

H Y M N XV. On Gratitude to God.

By Mr. ADDISON.

The Stanzas marked in Italics only are Sung.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.

O how shall words, with equal warmth,
 The gratitude declare
 That glows within my ravis'd heart!
 But thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
 And all my wants redrest,
 When in the silent womb I lay,
 And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries
 Thy mercy lent an ear;
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
 To form themselves in pray'r.

Unnumber'd

*Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.*

*Thro' hidden dangers, toils and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way;
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.*

*When worn by sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face:
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.*

*Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a chearful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.*

*Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death, in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.*

*When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.*

*Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For, O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.*

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

HYMN

H Y M N XVI:

*The Musick by Mr. BARTHELEMON.**Morning Hymn.*

A WAKE my soul, and with the sun
 Thy daily stage of duty run,
 Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy mispent moments past,
 And live this day as if thy last.
 Thy talents to improve take care ;
 For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
 Thy conscience as the noon-day clear ;
 For God's all-seeing eye surveys
 Thy secret thoughts, thy works, and ways.

Wake, and lift up thyself my heart,
 And with the angels bear thy part ;
 Who, all night long, unwearied sing
 High glory to th' eternal king.

I wake, I wake ; ye heav'nly choir,
 May your devotion me inspire :
 That I, like you, my age may spend,
 Like you, may on my God attend !

May I, like you, in God delight,
 Have all day long my God in sight ;
 Perform, like you, my Maker's will ;
 Oh ! may I never more do ill.

Glory to thee, who safe has kept,
 And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept ;
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
 I may of endless life partake.

*

Lord

Lord, I my vow to thee renew,
 Scatter my sins as morning dew;
 Guard my first spring of thought and will,
 And with thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, controul, suggest this day,
 All I design, or do, or say;
 That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise him all creatures here below.
 Praise him above, angelic host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

H Y M N XVII.

Evening Hymn.

GLORY to thee, my God! this night,
 For all the blessings of the light;
 Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
 Under thy own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 The ills that I this day have done;
 That with the world, myself, and thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed;
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 With joy behold the judgment day.

O may my soul on thee repose,
 And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
 Sleep, that may me more active make
 To serve my God, when I awake.

When

When restless in the night I lie,
 My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply;
 Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
 No pow'rs of darkness me molest.

Let my blest Guardian, while I sleep
 His watchful station near me keep;
 My heart with love celestial fill,
 And guard from th' approach of ill.

Lord! let my soul for ever share
 The bliss of thy paternal care;
 'Tis Heav'n on earth, 'tis Heav'n above,
 To see thy face and sing thy love.

Shou'd death itself my sleep invade,
 Why shou'd I be of death afraid?
 Protected by thy saving arm,
 Though he may strike, he cannot harm.

For death is life, and labour rest,
 If with thy gracious presence blest;
 Then welcome sleep, or death to me,
 I'm still secure, for still with thee.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise him all creatures here below,
 Praise him above, angelic host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

H Y M N XVIII.

From 19th PSALM. By Mr. ADDISON.

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ætherial sky,
 And spangl'd Heav'ns, a shining frame,
 Their Great Original proclaim.

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale;
And nightly, to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth.

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from Pole to Pole.

What! tho' in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What! tho' no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found.

In reason's ear, they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

H Y M N XIX.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

By Mr. POPE.

FATHER of all! ———
If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay:
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
To find that better way!

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent:
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach

Teach me to feel another's woe ;
 To hide the fault I fee :
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
 Since quicken'd by thy breath,
 O lead me, where'soe'er I go,
 Thro' this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot,
 All else beneath the sun,
 Thou know'ft, if beft bestow'd or not,
 And let thy will be done.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

H Y M N XX.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

By Mr. DRYDEN. Altered and abridged.

CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid
 The world's foundations first were laid,
 Come; visit ev'ry pious mind:
 Come, pour thy joys on human kind.

Thrice holy fount! thrice holy fire!
 Our hearts with heav'nly love inspire:
 Come; and thy sacred unction bring,
 To sanctify us while we sing.

Our frailties help, our vice controul,
 Subject the senses to the soul:
 From sin and sorrow set us free;
 And make us temples worthy thee.

Chase from our minds th' infernal foe;
 And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
 And, lest our feet should step astray,
 Protect and guide us in the way.

Make

Make us eternal truths receive,
 And practise all, that we believe;
 Give us thyself: that we may see
 The Father and the Son by thee.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

H Y M N XXI.

D I E S I R Æ.

By the Earl of ROSCOMMON,

THE Judge ascends his awful throne!
 He makes each secret sin be known;
 And all, with shame confess their own.
 O then! What int'rest shall I make,
 To save my last important stake,
 When the most just have cause to quake!
 Thou! mighty, formidable King;
 Thou! Mercy's inexhausted spring;
 Some comfortable pity bring!
 Forget not what my ransom cost,
 Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost,
 In forms of guilty terror tost!
 Thou! who for me did feel such pain,
 Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
 Let not those agonies be vain!
 Thou! whom avenging pow'rs obey,
 Cancel my debt (too great to pay!)
 Before the sad accounting day.
 Give my exalted soul a place
 Among thy chosen right hand race,
 The sons of God, and heirs of grace.
 Prostrate, my contrite heart I rend!
 My God, my Father, and my Friend,
 Do not forsake me in the end.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

His Lordship died 1684; at the very moment in which he expired, he uttered the two last lines of this poem with an energy of voice, that expressed the most fervent devotion.

H Y M N XXII.
THE CHRISTIAN'S CONSOLATION.

By Mr. ADDISON.

WHEN thou, O Lord, shall stand disclos'd
 In Majesty severe,
 And sit in judgment on my soul,
 O, how shall I appear?

But thou hast told the troubled mind,
 Who does her sins lament,
 The timely tribute of her tears,
 Shall endless woe prevent.

Then, see the sorrow of my heart,
 Ere yet it be too late:
 And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
 To give those sorrows weight.

For, never shall my soul despair
 His pardon to procure,
 Who knows thine only son has died
 To make that pardon sure.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

Joseph Addison, Esq; died 1719, at the age of 48.

H Y M N XXIII.

By Mr. MERRICK.

*Man walketh in a vain Shadow; and disquieteth him-
 self in vain. Psalm xxxix. 7.*

AUTHOR OF GOOD! To thee I turn!
 Thy ever wakeful eye,
 Alone can all my wants discern;
 Thy hand alone supply.

O, let thy fear within me dwell,
 Thy love my footsteps guide :
 That love shall vainer loves expel,
 That fear all fears beside.

And O! — By error's force subdu'd,
 Since oft my stubborn will
 Prepost'rous shuns the *latent good*,
 And grasps the *specious ill* ;

Not to my *wish*, but to my *want*,
 Do thou thy gifts apply :
 Unask'd, what *good* thou knowest, grant ;
 What *ill*, tho' ask'd, deny !

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

H Y M N XXIV.

By a Young Lady.

WITH sorrow and with guilt oppress'd,
 To thee, O Lord, we fly ;
 O, hear thy people's sad request,
 O, dry the wat'ry eye.

Thy lenient hand can pity bring,
 And comfort's balm bestow,
 Attend thy people's suffering,
 And lessen all their woe.

Thy gracious pow'r through life's dark scene,
 The lighter path has shewn ;
 Our constant refuge thou hast been,
 Thy providence we own.

The languid head of drooping care,
 Thy tender pity cheers ;
 The contrite sinner's humble pray'rs,
 Thy boundless mercy hears.

C

Now

Now then, to our complaint be near,
And hear our heart-felt sighs;
O, let our penitence sincere,
Before thy justice rise.

H Y M N XXV.

For NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Thou crownest the Year with thy goodness. Ps. lxxv. 11.

ETERNAL Source of ev'ry joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

While, as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole:
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness, when to veil the skies.

Seasons renew'd, and years and days,
Demand successive songs of praise:
Still be the grateful homage paid
With opening light, and evening shade.

And may we, with harmonious tongue,
In realms unknown pursue the song:
There, in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

H Y M N XXVI.

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

THOU Lamb of God, whose bleeding love
We thus recal to mind,
Answer thy servants from above!
And let us mercy find.

By

By all thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat we pray,
And by thy dying love to man—
O, take our sins away!

O, let thy blood, by faith apply'd,
The sinner's pardon seal!
Pronounce us freely justify'd;
And all our sickness heal.

Think upon us, who think on thee;
Our wearied souls release:
Burst ev'ry bond, and set us free;
And bid us go in peace!

A N T H E M S.

ANTHEM I.

For GOOD-FRIDAY.

Composed by Mr. BARTHELEMON.

S O L O.

Mine Eye, mine Eye runneth down with water;
because the Comforter that should relieve my Soul
is from me. Lament. i. 16.

C H O R U S.

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold and
see, if there is any sorrow like unto my sorrow, where-
with the Lord hath afflicted me. i. 12.

S O L O.

Behold! God is my Helper; the Lord is with them
that uphold my Soul. Psalm liv. 4.

C H O R U S.

For he hath delivered me out of all my Trouble:
And mine Eye hath seen his Desire upon mine Enemies.
AMEN, AMEN. Pf. liv. 7.

ANTHEM

ANTHEM II.

For EASTER DAY.

Composed by Mr. BARTHELEMON.

C H O R U S.

Be thou exalted, O God, above the Heavens: Let thy Glory be above all the Earth. Psalm lvii. 5.

S O L O.

My Heart is fixed, O God, my Heart is fixed: I will sing and give Praise. Pf. lvii. 5.

C H O R U S.

Be thou exalted, O God, above the Heavens: Let thy Glory be above all the Earth.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

ANTHEM III.

For WHIT-SUNDAY.

Composed by Mr. BARTHELEMON.

PSALM LXVIII. v. 1, 5, 18, 32.

C H O R U S.

Let God arise, let his Enemies be scattered; let them also that hate him, flee before him. v. 1.

S O L O.

A Father of the Fatherless, and a Judge of the Widows, is God in his holy Habitation v. 5.

CHORUS, *and* SOLOS, *for four* ORPHANS.

Thou hast ascended on High, thou hast led Captivity Captive; thou hast received Gifts for Men: yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord might dwell among them. v. 18.

D U E T T O.

Sing unto God, ye Kingdoms of the Earth; O sing Praises unto the Lord: Selah! v. 32.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

A N T H E M I V.

For T R I N I T Y S U N D A Y.

From the Revelations.

Holy—Holy—Holy—Lord God Almighty, who was and is, and is to come.

Who shall not glorify thy Name! for thou art Holy; thou only art the Lord.

A N T H E M V.

Composed by Mr. BARTHELEMON.

ISAIAH, LIV. v. 11, 12, 13.

S O L O.

O thou afflicted, tossed with Tempest, and not comforted.

D U E T T O.

Behold, I will lay thy Stones with fair Colours, and lay thy Foundations with Sapphires: And I will make thy

thy Windows of Agates, and thy Gates of Carbuncles,
and all thy Borders of pleasant Stones.

C H O R U S.

All thy Children shall be taught of the Lord, and
great shall be the Peace of thy Children.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

A N T H E M VI.

Composed by Mr. BARTHELEMON.

C H O R U S.

Drop down, ye Heavens, from above, and let the
Skies pour down Righteousness: let the Earth open,
and let them bring forth Salvation; and let Righteous-
ness spring forth together. *Isaiah xlv. 8.*

S O L O.

The Wilderness and solitary Place shall be glad,
and the Desert shall rejoice and blossom as the
Rose. *xxxv. 1.*

S O L O and C H O R U S.

The Glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee; the
Fir Tree, the Pine Tree, and the Box together, to beau-
tify the Place of thy Sanctuary. *lx. 13.*

S O L O R E C I T A T I V O.

The Voice of him that crieth in the Wilderness.
Prepare ye the Way of the Lord: Make straight in
the Desert an High-way for our God. *xl. 3.*

DUETTO.

D U E T T O.

Every Valley shall be exalted, and every Mountain and Hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough Places plain. v. 4.

C H O R U S.

And the Glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all Flesh shall see it together; for the Mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. v. 5.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

A N T H E M VII.

Composed by Mr. BARTHELEMON.

C H O R U S.

Break forth into singing, ye Mountains, O Forest, and every Tree therein; for the Lord hath redeemed Israel. Ifaiah xliv. 23.

R E C I T A T I V E *and* A I R.

The parched Ground shall become a Pool, and the thirsty Lands Springs of Water: In the Habitation of Dragons shall be Grass, with Reeds and Rushes. xxxv. 7.

S O L O.

Instead of the Thorn, shall come up the Fir Tree; and instead of the Brier, shall come up the Myrtle Tree. lv. 13.

S O L O.

The Wolf shall dwell with the Lamb; and the Leopard shall lie down with the Kid, and the Calf, and the young Lion, and the Fatling together; and a little Child shall lead them. xi. 6.

C H O R U S.

Lo, this is our God ; we have waited for him, and he will save us; we have waited for him, and he will save us.

D U E T T O.

This is the Lord, we have waited for him; he will be glad, and rejoice in his Salvation. xxv. 9.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

ANTHEM VIII.

Composed by Mr. BARTHELEMON.

PSALM CXXXIV.

C H O R U S.

Behold, bless ye the Lord, all ye Servants of the Lord, which by Night stand in the House of the Lord.

S O L O.

Lift up your Hands in the Sanctuary, and bless the Lord.

C H O R U S.

'The Lord that made Heaven and Earth, bless thee out of Zion.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

ANTHEM

ANTHEM IX.

THE SONG OF THE LAMB.

Composed by Mr. BARTHELEMON.

REVELATIONS XV. V. 3, 4.

FULL CHORUS.

Great and marvellous are thy Works, Lord God Almighty ; just and true are thy Ways, thou King of Saints.

DUETTO *and* CHORUS.

Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy Name? for thou only art Holy.

FULL CHORUS.

Holy,—Holy,—Holy.

DUETTO *and* CHORUS.

For all Nations shall come and worship before thee ;
for thy Judgments are made manifest.

AMEN, HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

ANTHEM X.

Composed by Mr. BARTHELEMON.

CHORUS.

The Earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof ;
the World, and they that dwell therein. Psalm
xxiv. 1.

A I R.

He hath put a new Song into my Mouth, even
Praise unto our God. Many shall see it, and fear, and
shall trust in the Lord. Psalm xl. 3.

DUETTO

DUETTO and CHORUS.

Thou wilt prolong the King's Life : And his Years
as many Generations. Psalm lxi. 6.

He asked Life of thee, and thou gavest him, even
length of Days for ever and ever. Pf. xxi. 4.

FULL CHORUS.

Be thou exalted, Lord, in thine own Strength: so
will we sing and praise thy Power. 13.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

ANTHEM XI.

Composed by MRS. MARIA BARTHELEMON.

PSALM CXIX. V. 33, 37.

Teach me, O Lord, the Way of thy Statutes: And
I shall keep it unto the End.

O turn away mine Eyes, lest they behold Vanity:
And quicken thou me in thy Way.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

ANTHEM XII.

Composed by MR. MASON, *Precentor of* York Cathedral.

COLLECT for the Seventh Sunday after TRINITY.

Lord of all Power and Might, who art the Author
and Giver of all good Things, graft in our Hearts the
Love of thy Name; increase in us true Religion;
nourish us with all Goodness; and of thy great mercy
keep us in the same; through Jesus Christ, our Lord.
Amen.

ANTHEM

A N T H E M XIII.

ISAIAH xii.

Composed by MR. BARTHELEMON.

RECITATIVE.

And in that Day thou shalt say, O Lord, I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away.

SOLO.

Behold, God is my Salvation; I will trust and not be afraid: for the Lord JEHOVAH is my Strength, and my Song: he also is become my Salvation.

CHORUS.

Therefore with Joy shall ye draw Water out of the Wells of Salvation.

RECITATIVE.

And in that Day shall ye say, praise the LORD, call upon his Name, declare his Doings among the People, make mention that his name is exalted.

SOLO.

Sing unto the LORD; for he hath done excellent Things: this is known in all the Earth.

DUETTO and CHORUS:

Cry out and shout, thou Inhabitant of Zion; for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

The

A N T H E M X I V .

T H E A N G E L ' s S O N G .

Composed by Mr. BARTHELEMON.

R E C I T A T I V E .

And suddenly there was with the Angel a Multitude
of the heavenly Host, praising God, and saying,

C H O R U S .

Glory to God in the highest ; and on Earth Peace,
Good-will towards Men.

AMEN, AMEN, AMEN.

A N T H E M X V .

For ALL-SAINTS DAY.

Composed by Mr. BARTHELEMON.

REV. vii. 9, 10, 11, 12.

R E C I T A T I V E .

After this I beheld, and lo, a great Multitude,
which no man could number, of all Nations, and Kin-
dred, and People, and Tongues, stood before the
Throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white
Robes, and Palms in their Hands ; and cried with a
loud Voice, saying,

C H O R U S .

Salvation to our God, which sitteth upon the Throne,
and unto the Lamb.

D

R E C I -

RECITATIVE.

And all the Angels stood round about the Throne, and about the Elders and the four Beasts, and fell before the Throne on their Faces, and worshipped God, saying,

CHORUS.

Amen: Blessing, and Glory, and Wisdom, and Thanksgiving, and Honour, and Power, and Might, be unto our God, for ever and ever. Amen.

ANTHEM XVI.

From the MESSIAH.

SOLO.

He shall feed his Flock like a Shepherd; and he shall gather the Lambs with his Arm: and carry them in his Bosom, and gently lead those that are with young.

SOLO.

Come unto him, all ye that labour: come unto him, ye that are heavy laden; and he will give you rest. Take his Yoke upon you, and learn of him, for he is meek and lowly of Heart; and ye shall find rest unto your Souls.

ANTHEM XVII.

From the 8th of MARCELLO's Psalms.

O LORD OUR GOVERNOR! O how excellent is thy Name in all the World.

Thou, O JEHOVAH! hast set thy Glory above the Heavens,

ANTHEM

ANTHEM XVIII.

From PSALM lv. 1, 2, 4, 6.

Composed by KENT.

Hear my Prayer, O God, and hide not thyself
from my Petition.

Take heed unto me, and hear me; how I mourn
in my Prayer, and am vexed.

My heart is disquieted within me; and the Fear
of Death is fallen upon me.

Then I said, O that I had wings like a Dove; then
would I flee away, and be at rest.

O D E.

“VERDI PRATI.”—HANDEL.

HARK! the Orphan's voice bewailing,
Parents number'd with the dead!
Ev'ry earthly comfort failing,
Ev'ry friendly succour fled!

Pale-ey'd Want her steps pursuing;
For life's supplies,
In vain she cries;
—Famine all her strength subduing.

Now

Now her breast is spent with sighing;
The heart scarce beats,
As life retreats
See her trembling, fainting, dying.

Then let us give endless praises
To the GOD OF HEAV'N MOST HIGH,
Him whose bounty kindly raises
Us from want and poverty.

FINIS.

Thom

